Shadow Comics

SEPTEMBER · 1941

10¢

"Crime DOES NOT PAY"

THE SHADOW MEETS THE DAGGER IN HIS MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE. DEAD END KIDS SAVE JUDGE COLLINS FROM TRIGGER DAWES MOB.

THE HOODED WASP · DANNY GARRETT

the editor's page

THE SHADOW meets the Dagger in an adventure which really touches a top mark in all of the wonderful things that have happened to The Shadow.

THE DEAD END KIDS save Judge Collins from Trigger Dawes' mob—and we would like very much to hear from all of our readers as to whether or not they want us to continue the DEAD END KIDS in SHADOW COMICS. Some boys suggest that the DEAD END KIDS should have a comic book of their own—well, we'd like to hear from you about it. And, just to make it interesting we are going to give away five swell nine-tube Philco radios for the five best answers which we receive.

THE HOODED WASP carries on in his adventures to right the wrongs of the world.

And DANNY GARRETT demonstrates his unusual ability as a boy detective.

Finally, SPIKE STEVENS adds another interesting chapter to this book, and then comes "NO RETURN TRIP"—a highly exciting, two-page short story.

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The SHADOW
meets "The Dagger"!!
CRIME DOES NOT PAY !!!!

SHARK ISLAND, FOREIGN PRISON COLONY IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA --- CUT OFF FROM THE NATION WHICH CONTROLS IT, THE COLONY IS RULED BY THE COMMANDANT WHOSE WORD IS THE ONLY LAW! --NOW, WINGING FROM THE SKIES COMES A MYSTERY PLANE, THE FIRST TO ARRIVE IN MONTHS!!!
AMERICANS! WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?
ONLY TO DELIVER A PRISONER WHO BELONGS TO YOU-LUKE OTHO - SENTENCED IN YOUR HOME-LAND BUT ESCAPED TO AMERICA!
SEE OTHO LOOK! HA-HA THEY ALL LOOK, WHEN THEY SEE THEIR LAST HOPE GO!
ENOUGH! TAKE HIM TO THE COMMAN-DANT!
YOU ARE THE LAST PRISONER, OTHO, WHO WILL COME TO SHARK ISLAND, AND THE GREATEST FOOL OF ALL!

HAD YOU STAYED IN EUROPE, YOU COULD NOT HAVE BEEN SENT HERE.. TAKE OTHO TO HIS CELL!
THE PRISONER'S BAG, SIR!
LUKE OTHO IS FLUNG INTO HIS CELL!
WHILE IN THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE..
SUCH LUXURIES ARE NOT FOR PRISONERS, DIVIDE THEM AMONG YOURSELVES--
AND TAKE THE BAG TO OTHO!
A PRESENT FROM THE COMMANDANT, OTHO.
PLAYING DUMB FOOLED THE COMMANDANT HE DIDN'T SUSPECT THIS COMPARTMENT WITH MY HAT AND CLOAK!
NOR DID HE GUESS THAT THE ENDS OF THE BAG WERE BALANCED WITH GUNS!
NOW TO REMOVE MY DISGUISE AND BECOME THE SHADOW!

FIRST-TO MAKE IT LOOK AS IF OTHO WERE STILL HERE ...
THEN TO PICK THIS LOCK...WAIT SOMEONE IS APPROACHING!
WHEELING BACK FROM THE DOOR, THE SHADOW BECOMES MOTIONLESS.
--AND BY CONCENTRATION RENDERS HIMSELF IN-VISIBLE TO HUMAN EYES!
A DAGGER! LUCKY I USED THE DISAPPEARING TRICK THAT I LEARNED IN TIBET!
ONLY THE GUARD IN SIGHT. THEREFORE, HE MUST HAVE THROWN THE DAGGER!
A MESSAGE FOR "OTHO"! AS I THOUGHT, SOMETHING IS BREWING ON SHARK ISLAND!
MY WORD IS LAW ON SHARK ISLAND - TO DEFY IT MEANS DEATH REMEMBER. THE DAGGER

SO THE DAGGER, WHOEVER HE IS, PROVIDES WEAPONS ALONG WITH ORDERS TO NEW PRISONERS!
AND THE DAGGER IS POWERFUL SINCE GUARDS SERVE HIM TOO!
23
ANOTHER GUARD! HERE'S WHERE I FADE OUT!
THE HYPNOTIC EFFECT IS WORKING! I'LL FOLLOW HIM SINCE HE CAN'T SEE ME!
THE NEW PRISONER HAS RECEIVED THE DAGGER'S MESSAGE!
GOOD!
TAP TAP
TAP TAP
TAP TAP
TAP TAP
WORD TO THE DAGGER! TIME TO GET BACK TO THE CELL. IT'S DIFFICULT TO ELUDE MANY EYES AT ONCE!
BATIMENT No
POSTE
23
24

THAT SAME NIGHT--- IN MIAMI, MARGO LANE RECEIVES A VISIT FROM MEMBERS OF THE F.B.I-- WHICH ANSWERS A LONG PERPLEXING QUESTION.
YOU HAVE NEWS REGARDING LAMONT CRANSTON!
YES. HE WENT TO SHARK ISLAND IN DISGUISE TO INVESTIGATE REPORTS OF REVOLT!
SUCH A REVOLT MIGHT ENDANGER OUR CARIBBEAN BASES! TELL ME, MISS LANE, DO YOU KNOW JANE MARDELL?
WHY, YES--- WE'RE OLD FRIENDS!
GOOO! WE WANT YOU TO TAKE A YACHT TRIP WITH HER!
HELLO, JANE. MAY I COME ALONG?
MARGO! YOU HAVE A STANDING INVITATION! YOU'VE MET MY FATHER--
HOW DO YOU DO, MISS LANE
THIS IS REALLY A BUSINESS TRIP. FATHER HAS GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS FOR BASES IN THE CARIBBEAN --SO--
I UNDERSTAND. I'LL REMEMBER NOTHING
NAUTILUS
THE YACHT NAUTILUS HEADS SOUTHWARD ON HER MYSTERY TRIP TO THE CARIBBEAN UNDER COMMAND OF ALFRED MARDELL
I WONDER IF THE F.B.I. KNOWS THAT LAMONT IS THE SHADOW!

ON SHARK ISLAND - TWO NIGHTS LATER.
THINGS ARE TOO QUIET. I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK ABOUT. BUT I'LL KEEP THE OTHO MAKE-UP, IN CASE I HAVE TO HURRY BACK!
SOMETHING DOING IN THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE. THAT'S WHERE I MAY LEARN MORE ABOUT THE DAGGER!
THEY'RE CONCENTRATED ON WHAT THEY'RE DOING -- MY FADE-AWAY WILL WORK!
THE DAGGER IS A MENACE BUT I'VE ORDERED THE WIRELESS OPERATOR TO CONTACT ONE OF OUR OWN WARSHIPS!
WHEN IT ARRIVES, I'LL COUNT ON YOU LOYAL GUARDS TO FIND THE DAGGER!
SOME OF THE PRISONERS CAN BE TRUSTED.. IF PROMISED FREEDOM!
NEXT STOP, THE WIRELESS ROOM!
FORGET THAT MESSAGE TO THE WARSHIP! INSTEAD, CONTACT THE YACHT, NAUTILUS, ORDER IT HERE TO SHARK ISLAND!
I'VE SENT THE MESSAGE DON'T KILL ME. I'LL DO WHATEVER THE DAGGER WANTS!
THE SHADOW!
HE WANTS YOU TO DIE!

ATTACKING OPENLY, IN FULL LIGHT, THE SHADOW IS VISIBLE BUT TOO SWIFT FOR HIS FOEMEN!
I CAN DEAL WITH THESE STAY BACK!
NO, NO! I CAN HELP!
BANG
SOCK
FAILING TO HEED THE SHADOW'S ADVICE, THE WIRELESS OPERATOR IS SLAIN--
OUT THIS WAY! WHEN I TURN OFF THE LIGHTS WE'LL TRAP THE SHADOW!
THE LIGHTS GO OUT. BLOTTED IN BLACKNESS, THE SHADOW IS LEFT TO HIS FATE
OUTSIDE THE WIRELESS ROOM-
THAT'S ALL! THE REST OF OUR MEN ARE DEAD!
GET THE DOOR SHUT TO HOLD THE SHADOW!
THE SHADOW WON'T ESCAPE THROUGH HERE, AND THOSE WINDOWS IN THE WIRELESS ROOM ARE BARRED!
WIRELESS ROOM

WIRELESS ROOM
OUTSIDE -- ALL OF YOU!

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THE SHADOW?
WATCH THE WIRELESS ROOM

GOOD-BYE, SHADOW!

BACK TO YOUR CELLS BEFORE THE COMMANDANT INSPECTS
THE DAGGER WILL TELL US WHEN TO STRIKE AGAIN
AND WE'LL BE ON HAND TO LET YOU LOOSE.

THEY'VE BLASTED THE WIRELESS ROOM!
BUT THEY FLED BACK TO THEIR CELLS
GOOD! IT IS OUR TURN. WE SHALL HUNT DOWN THE DAGGER!
DID THE SHADOW ESCAPE THE BLAST? IF SO—HOW?

ON BOARD THE YACHT, NAUTILUS--
WHAT PORT ARE WE PUTTING INTO, JANE ?
ASK DAD, HE KNOWS
BUT I WON'T KNOW UNTIL WE GO TO THE WIRELESS ROOM!
AND BEAR SOUTHEAST TO SHARK ISLAND
WHERE THE PRISON COLONY IS! HOW ODD!
IT CAME IN CODE, MR. MARDELL. IT MUST BE OFFICIAL
I WONDER ?
WHILE ON SHARK ISLAND
THE COMMANDANT TRUSTS US, LIKE THE OTHER GUARDS. HE DOESN'T KNOW WE SOLD OUT TO THE DAGGER!
LOOK! HOW DID THOSE GET HERE ?
THE SHADOW MUST HAVE THROWN THEM THROUGH THE WINDOW BEFORE THE WIRELESS ROOM WAS BLASTED!
I'LL TAKE THOSE!
LUKE OTHO, THE NEW PRISONER!
THERE IS NO PRISONER NAMED OTHO. I AM THE SHADOW!
HELP! SEARCH-LIGHTS-- QUICK!
I'LL GRAB HIM-- UGH!
WHO-EVER HE WAS-HE'S GONE!
I SAW OTHO DASH FROM THE WIRELESS ROOM WITH THE OTHERS
SO THAT'S HOW THE SHADOW MANAGED IT! WE'LL TELL THE DAGGER!
THIS IS AN EASY FADE-AWAY!

SO THIS IS SHARK ISLAND! HOW COULD ANY HORRIBLE THINGS HAPPEN IN A PLACE OF SUCH BEAUTY, MR. MARDELL?
THEY DO, MARGO—TOO HORRIBLE FOR YOU GIRLS TO TALK ABOUT. WE WON'T MOVE UNTIL WORD COMES FROM THE ISLAND!
LEARNING THAT THE NAUTILUS HAS BEEN DECOYED TO SHARK ISLAND, THE COMMANDANT RESOLVES TO SETTLE THE QUESTION OF THE DAGGER!
BRING THE MOST TRUSTWORTHY PRISONERS. I'LL QUIZ THEM AND LEARN WHO THE DAGGER IS!
YOU ARE PAUL REVELON-YOUR RECORD IS EXCELLENT. IF YOU CAN TELL ME WHO THE DAGGER IS---
I CAN, COMMANDANT--
LOOK OUT!
WHOEVER THREW THAT KNIFE TRIED TO KILL ME! I CAN'T TALK NOW!
WE'LL MAKE YOU TALK!
THIS SOUNDS INTERESTING
I CAN'T SPEAK, COMMANDANT. IT WOULD MEAN DEATH---
WE SHALL LEAVE YOU FOR A HALF HOUR, REVELON. YOU MAY THEN BE IN A MOOD TO TELL US WHO THE DAGGER IS.

AS REVELON IS LEFT ALONE, THE SHADOW ENTERS THE TORTURE CELL CLOAKED IN INVISIBILITY
I AM THE SHADOW--HERE TO AID YOU, REVELON!
I HEAR YOU! STRANGE I CAN'T SEE YOU!
I SEE YOU! I KNOW YOU CAN PROTECT ME, THOUGH THE COMMANDANT COULDN'T
YOU CAN SEE ME NOW, BECAUSE I WILL IT!
THEN NAME THE DAGGER!
I WILL, BUT GIVE ME WATER, FIRST
I AM THE DAGGER! I KNEW MY GAME WOULD BRING YOU TO YOUR DEATH—SHADOW!
I ASKED FOR WATER, SHADOW, I AM TAKING BLOOD, INSTEAD!
NO BLOOD, REVELON. JUST WATER --- YOU ASKED FOR IT!
--AND MY COMMANDS ARE OBEYED! TO MY AID, MEN!

THE SHADOW MEETS ATTACKERS WITH REVELON, THE HUMAN DAGGER AS A WEAPON!
HERE'S YOUR DAGGER KEEP HIM!
GUARDS-TRAITORS WHO SOLD OUT TO THE DAGGER. THEY NEED STIFFER MEDICINE!
THERE GOES ANOTHER- ONLY ONE MORE---
QUICK! BRING THE RESERVES!
THE DAGGER'S UPRISING HAS BEGUN----
WHILE IN THE TORTURE CELL---
YOU ARE THE DAGGER WE OBEY!
AS ALWAYS!
AFTER THE SHADOW! HOLD HIM UNTIL OTHERS COME

NO TIME TO FIGHT OFF A REAR ATTACK---
OUTSIDE THE BLOCK OF TORTURE CELLS, THE SHADOW SEES THE COMMANDANT AND LOYAL GUARDS IN RETREAT.
GOOD. THEY ARE RETREATING TO HEADQUARTERS--
--WHICH LEAVES ME FREE TO STOP THE DAGGER WHEN HE COMES FROM THE TORTURE CELL!
SEE, COMMANDANT! THE SHADOW, ALONE BY THE TORTURE CELLS!
OUR FRIEND IN DANGER! WE MUST AID HIM!
IF THEY'D ONLY STAYED WHERE THEY WERE! NOW I'LL HAVE TO RESCUE THEM!

LOOK! OUR MEN ARE DIVIDED! SOME FIGHTING THE COMMANDANT, OTHERS, THE SHADOW!
THE FOOLS! I SHALL SET THEM STRAIGHT!
FORGET THE OTHERS! AFTER THE SHADOW! MY WORD IS LAW. I, PAUL REVELON, AM THE DAGGER!
ON THE YACHT, NAUTILUS
THEY'VE REVOLTED ON SHARK ISLAND! THEY'RE AFTER THE SHADOW!
YOU MUST HELP HIM DAD!
IMPOSSIBLE! LOOK-THEY ARE TOO MANY! WE CAN ONLY STAND BY!
GOOD! KEEP THEM THERE. BUT WHERE DID THE SHADOW GO?
WE HAVE BOXED THE COMMANDANT AND GUARDS IN HEADQUARTERS!
TO THE HIGH LEDGE. HE CAN HOLD OFF ANY NUMBER THERE!
HOLD THE SHADOW WHERE HE IS! THIS LEADS TO THE PATH ABOVE THE LEDGE. I SHALL ATTACK FROM THERE!
ONE MORE TO SOCK, AND THEN FOR A FADE-OUT!
TOO LATE, SHADOW! I AM THE DAGGER! I STRIKE NOW!

AN EMPTY GUN- BUT STILL AS GOOD A WEAPON AS THE DAGGER'S BLADE!
CRACK!
HE'S GOING OVER THE CLIFF!! FIRE!
I'LL TAKE THAT DAGGER, REVELON!
TOO LATE, SHADOW, MY RESERVES ARE COMING!
2
FOOLS! YOU ARE TOO LATE!
NO CHANCE FOR A FADE-OUT WITHOUT MY CLOAK!
BUT THOSE BLACK WATERS WILL HIDE ME!
HE'S LANDED IN THE BLACK POOL!
WHERE THE GREAT SHARK WILL FINISH HIM!

DEEP IN THE BLACK POOL
MUST---REACH---SURFACE---
A SHARK FIN! I'M GLAD I BROUGHT THE DAGGER'S KNIFE!
ONE LONG BREATH, AND THEN---
ARMED WITH THE DAGGER'S KNIFE, THE SHADOW LASHES INTO A TERRIFIC DEATH-DUEL WITH THE GIANT LANDLOCKED SHARK OF THE DREAD BLACK POOL!!!
YOU'VE HAD YOUR LAST HUMAN MEAL SHARK! NOW TO MEET THE DAGGER AGAIN!

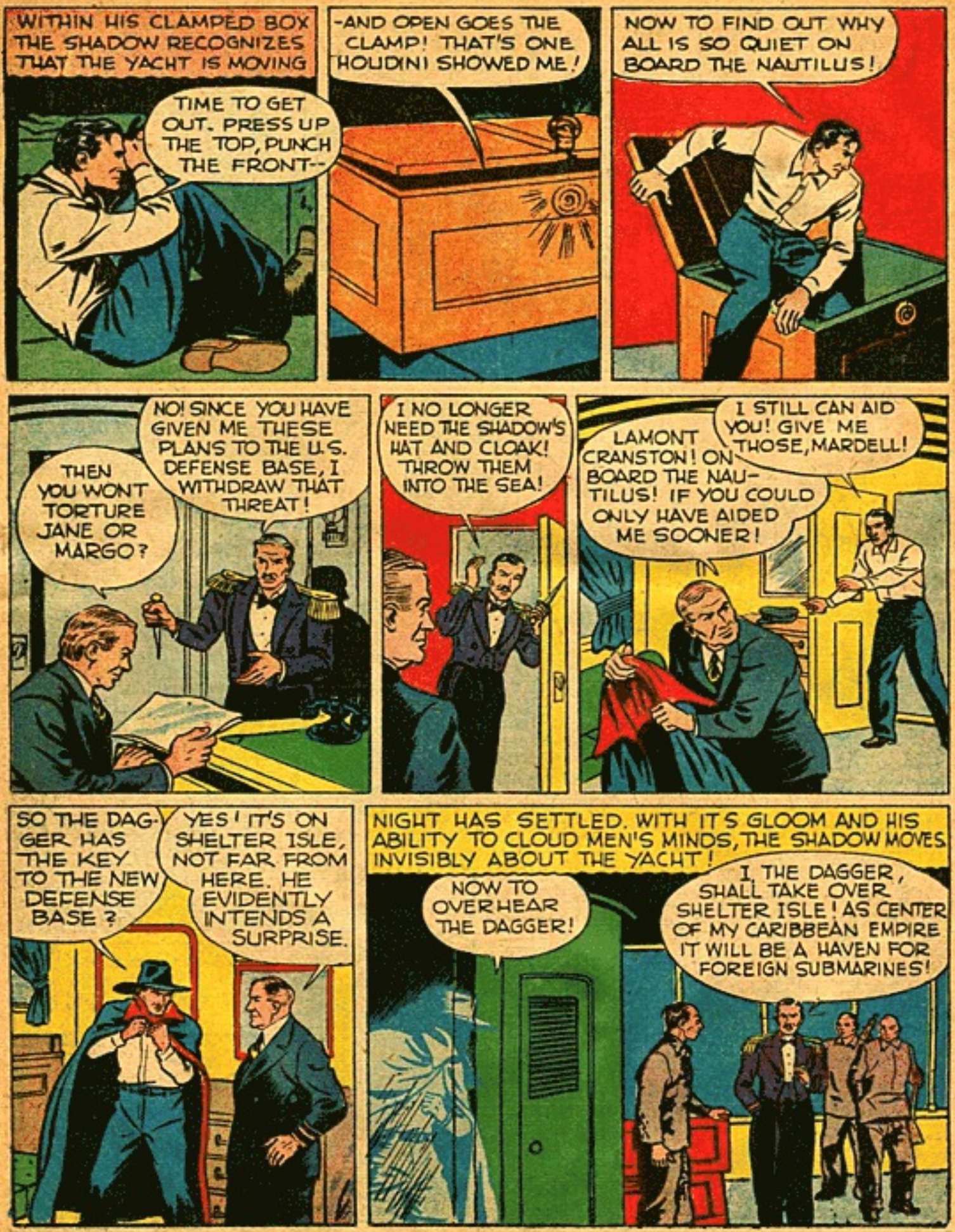
THERE WAS SHOOTING FROM THE CLIFF, DAD!
I'M AFRAID THAT'S THE END OF THE SHADOW, JANE!
WE MUST WAIT LONGER, MR. MARDELL!
WE SAW BLOOD ON THE BLACK POOL! THE GREAT SHARK FINISHED THE SHADOW!
THE YACHT IS STILL HERE!
GOOD! I, THE DAGGER, SHALL BECOME THE SHADOW. SOON YOU WILL KNOW WHY!
FROM THE BLACK POOL, THE SHADOW HEARS GUNFIRE...
LOOK, DAD! FUGITIVES FROM SHARK ISLAND! THE CONVICTS ARE TRYING TO KILL THEM!
WE'LL MAKE SURE WHO THEY ARE WHEN THEY'RE NEAR
THE SHADOW! BRINGING SOME OF THE GUARDS!
YOU'RE RIGHT, MARGO. WE'LL TAKE THEM ON BOARD!

WELCOME SHADOW!
THE SHADOW IS DEAD! I AM PAUL REVELON, THE DAGGER. THIS YACHT IS OUR PRIZE.
NO USE IN FIGHTING, MEN THEY HAVE US COVERED.
PUT MARDELL AND THE GIRLS IN THEIR CABINS, THE OTHERS IN THE HOLD. HARM NONE – THEY MAY BE NEEDED AS HOSTAGES!
THEN GO TO THE SUPPLY WHARF, AND BRING THE AMMUNITION!
THE DAGGER HAS SPOKEN! WE OBEY!
MEANWHILE, THE SHADOW, RETURNING FROM THE BLACK POOL, HAS WITNESSED THE CAPTURE OF THE YACHT. HURRYING TO THE SUPPLY WHARF, HE IS FIRST TO ENTER!
GUNS AND AMMUNITION - IF I CAN GET AT THEM, BEFORE..
LOOK! HE MUST BE THE SHADOW!
THE DAGGER DID NOT KILL HIM BUT WE SHALL.
DODGING THE KNIFE, THE SHADOW IS TOO LATE TO GRAB THE GUN. UNARMED, HE FACES SURE DEATH FROM THE TWO FOEMEN....

HITTING THE TRAP DOOR, THE SHADOW DROPS FROM BETWEEN HIS ASSAILANTS! ONE RECEIVES THE BULLET-- THE OTHER THE KNIFE!!

IN THE SUPPLY ROOM ABOVE

CANNED GOODS - JUST ABOUT MY OWN WEIGHT
THE SHADOW ACTS WHILE THE MEN ARE GONE
SO HERE GOES SOME INDIGESTION FOR THE SHARKS
NOW FOR A FREE RIDE TO THE YACHT NAUTILUS, TO MEET THE NEW SKIPPER THE DAGGER!
THE LAST BOAT!
WE'LL BE STARTING SOON!
OUR LEADER, THE DAGGER, HAS A FINE UNIFORM!
IT'S THE NEW FULL DRESS THAT THE COMMANDANT ORDERED
I BROUGHT YOU ON DECK, MARDELL, TO SEE MY FLEET! IT CARRIES A THOUSAND MEN. NOW TO YOUR CABIN. I HAVE MATTERS TO DISCUSS!
IF ONLY THE SHADOW WERE HERE!
THE SHADOW IS ON THE NAUTILUS, WITHIN A CLAMPED BOX IN THE HOLD !!!


WITHIN HIS CLAMPED BOX THE SHADOW RECOGNIZES THAT THE YACHT IS MOVING
TIME TO GET OUT. PRESS UP THE TOP, PUNCH THE FRONT--
-AND OPEN GOES THE CLAMP! THAT'S ONE HOUDINI SHOWED ME!
NOW TO FIND OUT WHY ALL IS SO QUIET ON BOARD THE NAUTILUS!
THEN YOU WONT TORTURE JANE OR MARGO?
NO! SINCE YOU HAVE GIVEN ME THESE PLANS TO THE U.S. DEFENSE BASE, I WITHDRAW THAT THREAT!
I NO LONGER NEED THE SHADOW'S HAT AND CLOAK! THROW THEM INTO THE SEA!
LAMONT CRANSTON! ON BOARD THE NAUTILUS! IF YOU COULD ONLY HAVE AIDED ME SOONER!
I STILL CAN AID YOU! GIVE ME THOSE, MARDELL!
SO THE DAGGER HAS THE KEY TO THE NEW DEFENSE BASE?
YES! IT'S ON SHELTER ISLE, NOT FAR FROM HERE. HE EVIDENTLY INTENDS A SURPRISE.
NIGHT HAS SETTLED. WITH IT'S GLOOM AND HIS ABILITY TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS, THE SHADOW MOVES INVISIBLY ABOUT THE YACHT!
NOW TO OVERHEAR THE DAGGER!
I, THE DAGGER, SHALL TAKE OVER SHELTER ISLE! AS CENTER OF MY CARIBBEAN EMPIRE IT WILL BE A HAVEN FOR FOREIGN SUBMARINES!

SEE! OUR BOATS HAVE ALREADY MET THE TROJAN! SHE WAS WAITING FOR US. WHEN WE SUPPLY THE GUNS..
THE TROJAN! SUPPLY SHIP FOR SHELTER ISLE, AIDING THE DAGGER! THIS MEANS QUICK WORK
THE SHADOW!
ALIVE!
HURRY! WE MUST GET SOME OF THE ARMS AND AMMUNITION TO THIS CABIN!
THE HORDE FROM THE DAGGER'S FLEET IS STOWING AWAY ON THE STEAMER TROJAN!
THEY'RE TAKING THE REST OF THE ARMS TO THE TROJAN.
YES.. I'M A GOOD SWIMMER
THEN GET READY, WHILE I'M RELEASING THE YACHT CREW!

NIGHT ON THE CARIBBEAN -- THE FREIGHTER TROJAN ARRIVES AT THE NEW U.S. BASE ON SHELTER ISLE, WITH EXPECTED SUPPLIES. THE SHIP IS APTLY NAMED, FOR IT IS A FLOATING 'TROJAN HORSE' HUNDREDS OF ARMED MEN ARE HIDDEN IN THE HOLD-SERVERS OF AN EVIL LEADER CALLED THE DAGGER !!!
VERY WELL, CAPTAIN, YOU MAY WAIT UNTIL TO-MORROW TO UNLOAD THE CARGO
THANK YOU, SIR IT WILL BE A GREAT HELP
WE'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF SHELTER ISLE!
AND THE SHADOW IS BACK!
WEAR THESE, SO NO ONE WILL SEE YOU GOING TO THE DECK!
THIS IS EASY ENOUGH. BUT HOW WILL THE SHADOW GET HERE WITHOUT HIS HAT AND CLOAK?

OH- YOU'RE HERE!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SHARKS?
DONT WORRY. REACH THE MARINES! TELL THEM THAT THE DAGGER PLANS TO BLAST THEM IN THEIR BARRACKS!
JANE IS ALMOST TO SHORE, WHEN---
THE SHADOW SPOTS THE TELL-TALE FIN AND FIRES
THE SHADOW BETRAYED HIMSELF TO SAVE ME FROM THE SHARK. I MUST GET WORD TO THE BARRACKS.
THE SHADOW STILL ALIVE! GET HIM!
THAT SHOT RUINED MY INVISIBILITY! WELL--HERE GOES!
THE YACHT'S CREW, LOOSE! FIGHT THEM OFF!!
THE YACHT'S CREW RETREATED TO MARDELL'S CABIN!
THE SHADOW MUST HAVE JOINED THEM WHEN HE DISAPPEARED!
KEEP THEM THERE! THESE MEN ARE GOING TO THE GROTTO TO BLAST THE BARRACKS!
C-66

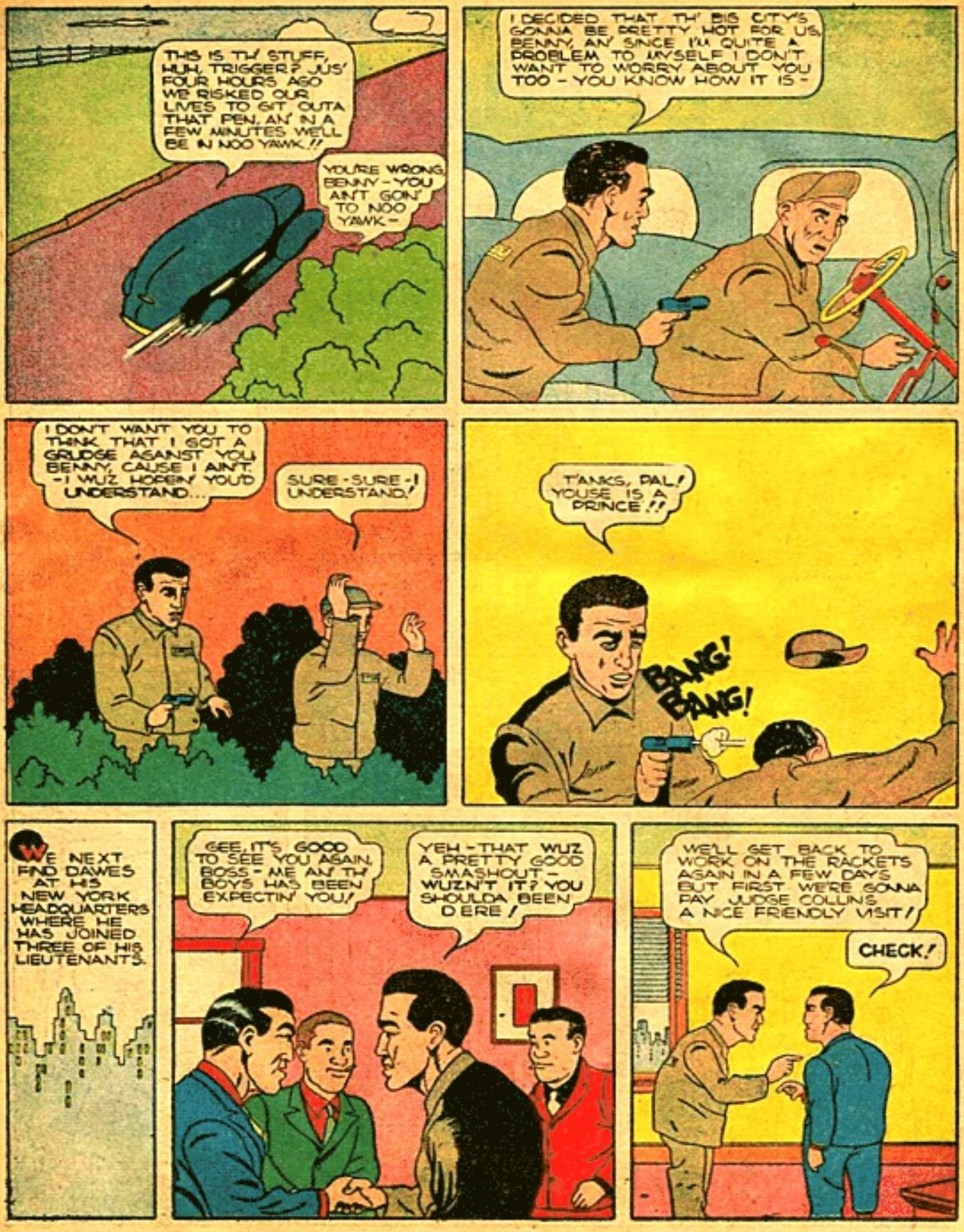
ON SHELTER ISLE—
WHO GOES THERE? SAY! A BATHING BEAUTY!
I MUST SEE THE COMMANDER!
AND AFTER THE BLAST, THE MEN FROM THE TROJAN WILL LAND!
HAVE THESE BARRACKS ABANDONED IMMEDIATELY - AND QUIETLY
YES SIR
ON THE YACHT---
I'M SURE THAT BOTH JANE AND THE SHADOW ARE SAFE, MR. MARDELL!
I HOPE SO! MARGO
IN THE GROTTO
THIS WILL BLOW THE TOP RIGHT OFF SHELTER ISLE
AND MOST OF THE MARINES WITH IT!
I'M STARTING THE FUSE. GET GOING!
THE SHADOW! HE CAME WITH US FROM THE YACHT!
HIDDEN IN THE COMPARTMENT!
HE'S GETTING AWAY WITHOUT US, AND IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP THE BLAST!
LIKE A VOLCANO SUDDENLY COME TO LIFE, THE TOP OF SHELTER ISLE ERUPTS FROM THE BLAST THE DAGGER PLANTED
TROJAN

THE SHADOW'S STRATEGY WORKS. BY SACRIFICING THE EMPTY BARRACKS, HE MISLEADS THE DAGGER'S HORDE. THE EXPLOSION IS THEIR SIGNAL TO COME ASHORE FROM THE TROJAN--
MEANWHILE
NOW, BACK TO THE NAUTILUS!
THE DAGGER'S HORDE IS SURPRISED AND OVER WHELMED BY THE ENTIRE BATTALION OF MARINES!
A COMPLETE MOP-UP, SIR!
GOOD! PREPARE A BOARDING PARTY TO VISIT THE NAUTILUS!

THE MARINES HAVE DRIVEN OUR MEN INTO THE SEA!
THE EXPLOSION WAS USELESS BECAUSE THE GIRL WARNED THEM!
I HEAR THE LAUNCH RETURNING! WHEN IT'S CREW IS ON BOARD, WE LEAVE!
THE SHADOW!
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO WITHOUT YOUR EXTRA MEN, REVELON. I HAVE RETURNED ALONE!
THE SHADOW'S OPENING SHOTS BRING THE YACHT'S CREW FROM THE CABIN, WHILE THE MARINES BOARD THE NAUTILUS FROM THE OTHER SIDE, TO COMPLETE THE TRIUMPH OVER THE DAGGER AND HIS EVIL TRIBE!!!
SO THAT'S THE DAGGER -- BUT WHAT BECAME OF THE GUY WHO FINISHED HIM?
YOU MEAN THE SHADOW? HE DISAPPEARED, LIKE THAT!
SWAP
THE MARINES DID GREAT WORK, MARDELL!
I THINK THE SHADOW DESERVES SPECIAL CREDIT, CRANSTON!
TELL ME, MARGO, COULD MR. CRANSTON BE THE SHADOW?
I REALLY WOULDN'T KNOW, JANE!
WITH THE PLOT TO CAPTURE THE DEFENSE BASE DEFEATED, THE NAUTILUS HEADS HOME, BEARING THE SHADOW TO NEW CONQUESTS OVER CRIME
CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!

THE "DEAD END" KIDS

BY LAFE THOMAS


THIS IS TH' STUFF, HUH, TRIGGER? JUS' FOUR HOURS AGO WE RISKED OUR LIVES TO GIT OUTA THAT PEN, AN' IN A FEW MINUTES WE'LL BE IN NOO YAWK.!!
YOU'RE WRONG, BENNY - YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO NOO YAWK -
I DECIDED THAT TH' BIG CITY'S GONNA BE PRETTY HOT FOR US, BENNY, AN' SINCE I'M QUITE A PROBLEM TO MYSELF I DON'T WANT TO WORRY ABOUT YOU TOO - YOU KNOW HOW IT IS -
I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK THAT I GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST YOU, BENNY, CAUSE I AIN'T. -I WUZ HOPEIN' YOU'D UNDERSTAND...
SURE - SURE - I UNDERSTAND!
T'ANKS, PAL! YOUSE IS A PRINCE!!
BANG! BANG!
WE NEXT FIND DAWES AT HIS NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS WHERE HE HAS JOINED THREE OF HIS LIEUTENANTS.
SEE, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, BOSS - ME AN' TH' BOYS HAS BEEN EXPECTIN' YOU!
YEH - THAT WUZ A PRETTY GOOD SMASHOUT - WUZN'T IT? YOU SHOULDA BEEN DERE!
WE'LL GET BACK TO WORK ON THE RACKETS AGAIN IN A FEW DAYS BUT FIRST WE'RE GONNA PAY JUDGE COLLINS A NICE FRIENDLY VISIT!
CHECK!

BOY! I BET THAT TRIGGER DAWES COULD LOIN US A BARREL O' GOOD THINGS - HUH?
YEH, MAN! - I REMEMBER ONE TIME WHEN I WUZ IN REFAWM SCHOOL -
AW, SHAT AP! - YER ALWAYS BRAGGIN' ABOUT WEN YEW WUZ IN REFAWM SCHOOL - LIKE YWUZ E ONLY ONE WHO EVER WENT !!!

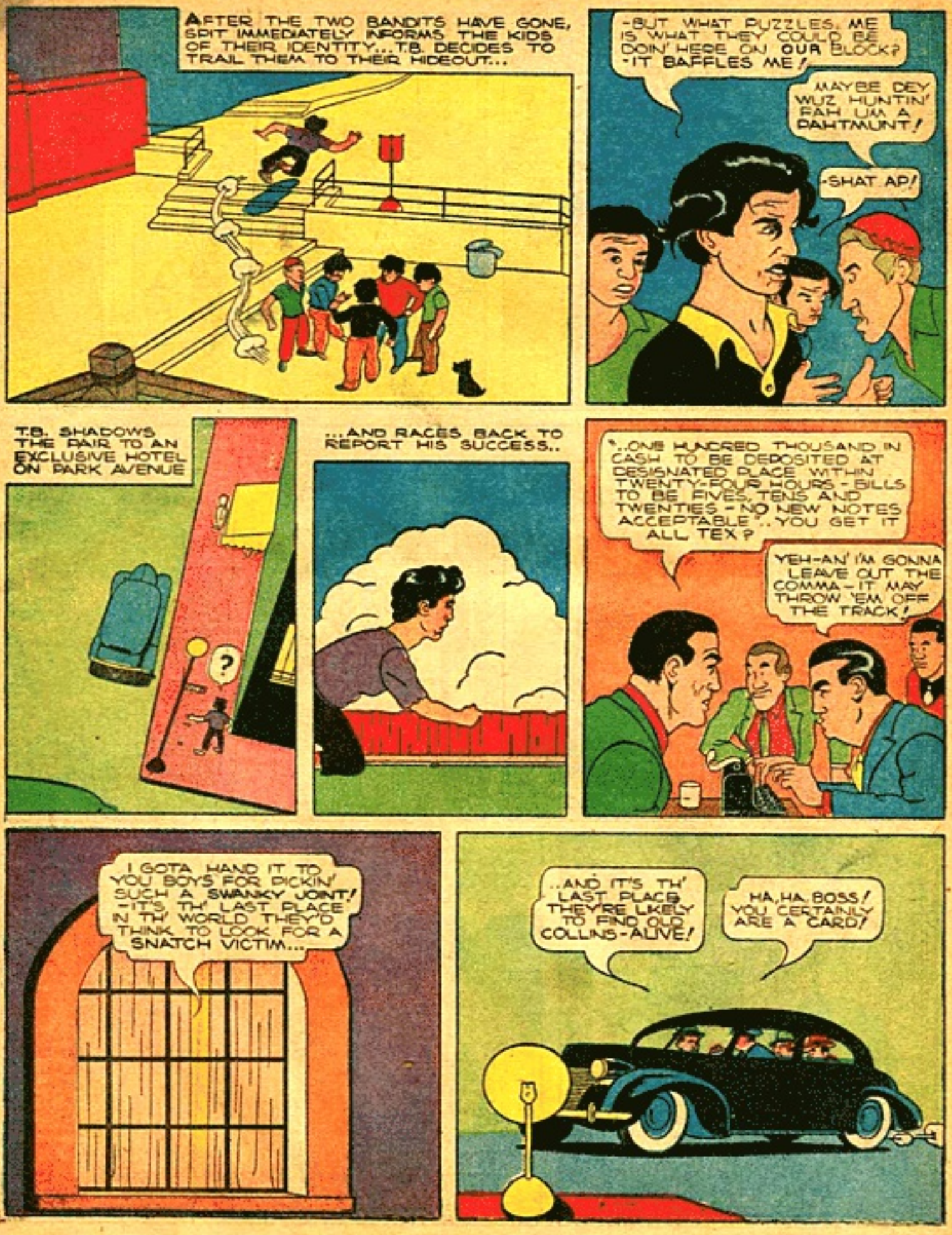
THAT'S WHERE HE LIVES, BOSS - THE BACK ENTRANCE OPENS ON THIS DEAD END STREET. - WHAT COULD BE SWEETER?
YEH - LOOKS LIKE A SETUP - AN' THAT JUDGE IS WORTH A HUNDRED GRAND IF HE'S WORTH A NICKEL...

AN', BELIEVE ME, HE OWES IT TO ME FOR THOSE TWO ROTTEN YEARS HE SALTED ME AWAY - IT'S GETTIN' SO A GUY AIN'T GOT NO RIGHTS !!
-WATCH IT, BOSS - SOME KID'S GIVIN' YOU THE EYE!
?
EAD END

HEY - YER TRIGGER DAWES AIN'CHA???
NAW! MY NAME'S SMITH! - I'M FROM TACOMA!!
-BUT-
G'WAN! YEW HOID ME - SCRAM!

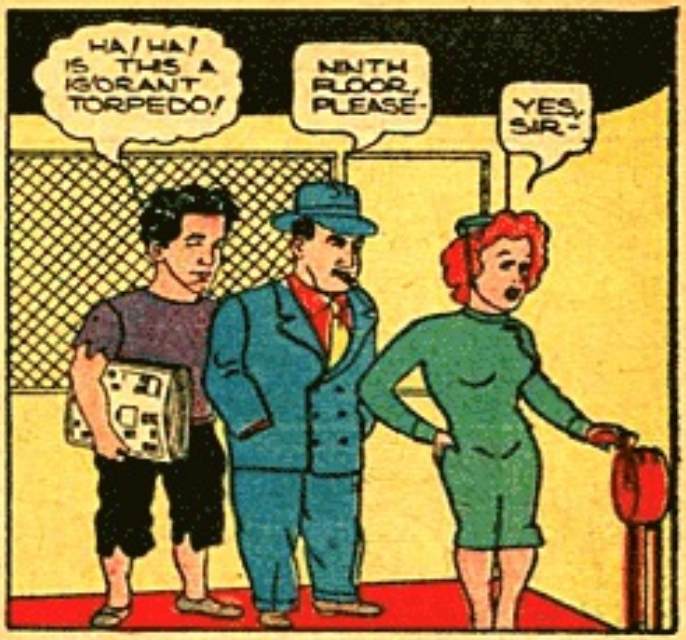
AWRIGHT, AW RIGHT! BUT YUH COITANLY LOOK LIKE DAWES - AN' IF ANY-BUDDY WUZ TUH HAPPEN TUH AST ME - I'D -
YEH - YEH... YOU'D WHAT -

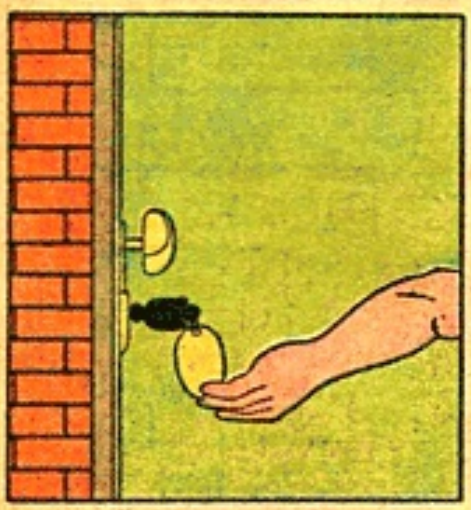
WASSA'MATTER, SPIT? - ARE THESE GUYS LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE? - MAYBE I BETTER CALL TH' GANG?
NEVERMIND, KID -
EVERTHING'S OK, TOMMY - I JUS' MADE A LI'L MIS-TAKE - THAT'S ALL - I JUS' MADE A LI'L MISTAKE -


AFTER THE TWO BANDITS HAVE GONE, SPIT IMMEDIATELY INFORMS THE KIDS OF THEIR IDENTITY...T.B. DECIDES TO TRAIL THEM TO THEIR HIDEOUT...
-BUT WHAT PUZZLES ME IS WHAT THEY COULD BE DOIN' HERE ON OUR BLOCK? -IT BAFFLES ME!
MAYBE DEY WUZ HUNTIN' FAH UM A PAHTMUNT!
-SHAT AP!
T.B. SHADOWS THE PAIR TO AN EXCLUSIVE HOTEL ON PARK AVENUE
?
...AND RACES BACK TO REPORT HIS SUCCESS..
"..ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND IN CASH TO BE DEPOSITED AT DESIGNATED PLACE WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS - BILLS TO BE FIVES, TENS AND TWENTIES - NO NEW NOTES ACCEPTABLE".. YOU GET IT ALL, TEX?
YEH-AN' I'M GONNA LEAVE OUT THE COMMA - IT MAY THROW 'EM OFF THE TRACK!
I GOTA HAND IT TO YOU BOYS FOR PICKIN' SUCH A SWANKY JOINT! -IT'S TH' LAST PLACE IN TH' WORLD THEY'D THINK TO LOOK FOR A SNATCH VICTIM...
..AND IT'S TH' LAST PLACE THEY'RE LIKELY TO FIND OLD COLLINS - ALIVE!
HA, HA BOSS! YOU CERTAINLY ARE A CARD!

OK, TEX- THIS'LL DO! -TURN THE CAR AROUND AND BE READY FOR A FAST GETAWAY!!
JUST A FEW FEET AWAY
LOOK - IT'S THEM- THEY'RE BACK! -AN' THIS TIME WITH TWO OTHER GUYS!!
SOMETN' SMELLS FISHY ABOUT THIS!!
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN'-
MEBBE DEY'RE GONNA STICK UP D' JOINT-
HEY-LOOK! THEY'RE CARRYIN' SOME GUY OUTA THERE! -NOW THEY'RE DUMPIN' 'IM IN TH' CAR!
-LOOKS LIKE A SNATCH- HUH, TOMMY?!
ALRIGHT, TEX- LET'S GO!
I BET IT WUZ JUDGE COLLINS! ..REMEMBER HOW DAWES THREATNED TUH GET 'IM W'EN HE GOT SENT UP TH' RIVER?!?
YEH!-AN' WE'RE GONNA PAY MR. DAWES A LITTLE VISIT JUST TUH MAKE SURE!!
PURELY SOCIAL..

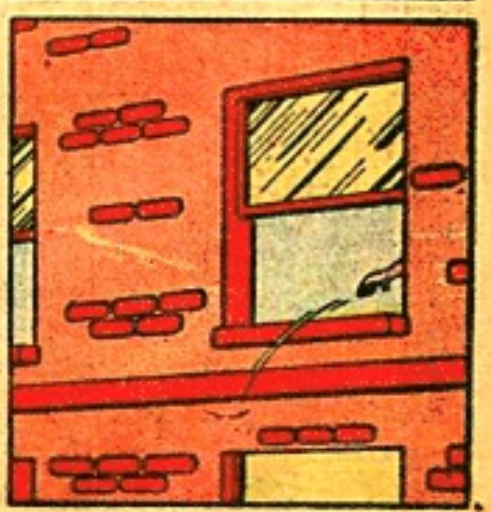
WELL WE KNOW ONE OF THOSE ROOMS IS THERS - BUT WHICH ONE?!
MAYBE DEY REGISTERED!!
YEH, YEH, SURE! TRIGGER DAWES AN' HOSTAGE?!
NAW, WE GOTA THINK A SOME OTHER WAY TUH - HEY! WATS 'AT?
SOUNDS LIKE A EXTRY!
WUXTRY! WUXTRY! FAMOUS JOORIST KIDNAPPED!
RIGHT HERE! WE'LL TAKE ALL YA GOT! (NOW IF WE CAN ONLY MAKE A SALE TUH TH' RIGHT PARTY-)
WELL-WELL-IT SEEMS THAT THEY'RE ALREADY WISE TO OUR LITTLE PARTY..
EXTRA!
SO WE'LL JUST SIT BACK AN' WAIT FOR THAT PILE A JACK, RUN DOWN AN' GET A PAPER, WILL YUH, TEX-
SURE, BOSS-
THAT'S ONE A TH' GANG BUYIN' A PAPAH FROM T.B. NOW-WE'LL FOLLOW HIM BACK TO THEIR ROOM-
RHUM BOOGIE RHUM BOOGIE-WOOGIE
PAPAH, MISTER? -TREE SANTS?
YEH!-(SAY-THIS KID LOOKS FAMILIAR!) WHAT DO YOU KNOW! I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY- -COM ON UP WITH ME AN' I'LL GIVE YOU A TIP!
-HOW'D YUH LIKE A SCREEN TEST??





FUMBLING THE DOOR KEY BY ACCIDENT, T.B. HOPES TO SECURE IT WITHOUT BEING DETECTED...

SLIPPING TOWARD THE WINDOW T.B. TOSSES THE KEY OUT INTO THE NIGHT



SPIT'S PROPOSAL IS SOON REJECTED - ESPECIALLY BY ANGEL - AND THE KIDS DECIDE TO ALL GO UP AND DO THEIR SNOOPING FROM THE HALLWAY...

WHAT'S A MATTER? -DON'T Y' WANNA BE A HERO ??
I'D RATHER BE A LIVE COWARD!!
IF YUH HAPPEN TUH FALL- CHOIP LIKE A BOID AN' FLY!
-SO WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS YOUNG MEDDLER-
WHAT'S THAT!?
SOMEBODY'S AT TH' WIN-
CRASH!
HAVE A PETUNIA!
CHOO!
HELP!
QUICK- LET'S GET OUT OF HERE/ GET TH' JUDGE INTO TH' FREIGHT ELEVATOR!
THE DOOR'S LOCKED/ WHERE'S THE KEY?!
WE'LL HAVE TO SMASH IT!

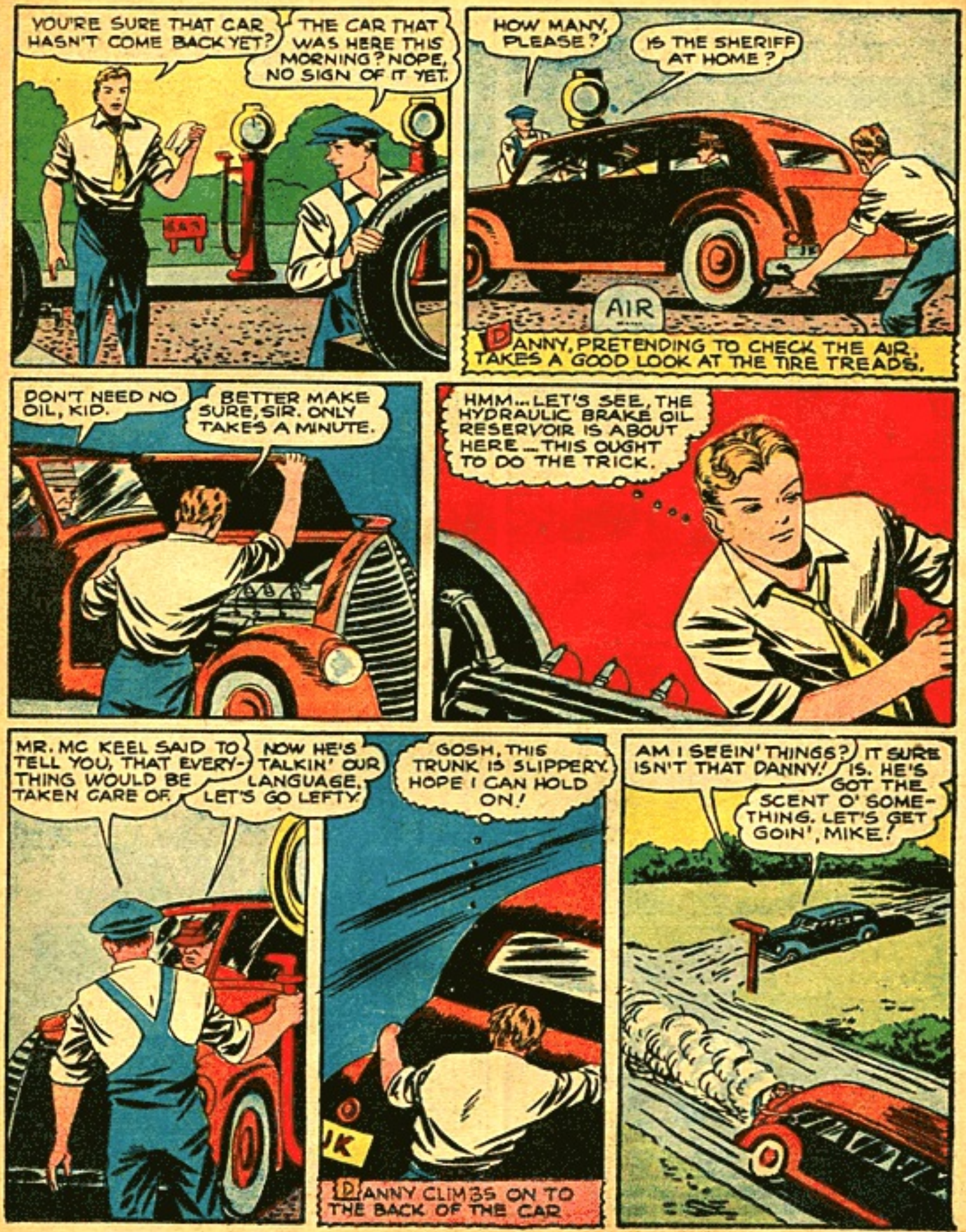
HERE'S ONE FOR D'ALBUM!
HEY WHA..?!
AS BY A MIRACLE, ANGEL LANDS IN THE CANOPY OVER THE HOTEL ENTRANCE
HALP! POLICE! MOIDER!
SAY - THIS IS TRIGGER DAWES' MOB! AND IF I'M RIGHT, IT'LL BE MORE THAN JUST THE BIG HOUSE FOR THEM THIS TRIP!
THOSE KIDS CERTAINLY DID A BANG-UP JOB - EH, PAT?
THAT'S RIGHT, JUDGE - WITHOUT THE HELP OF THE KIDS, YOU MIGHT BE DEAD AT THIS VERY MOMENT!
CALL THEM IN....I'D LIKE TO GIVE THEM MY THANKS -
RIGHT-
TO SHOW MY GRATITUDE, I'M GOING TO TURN OVER TO YOU BOYS, THE COMPLETE MANAGEMENT OF MY COURT FOR ONE DAY!!
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?!
-Y'MEAN US?!
OF ALL PEOPLE!
-THERE'S ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE!!
?
!

Danny Garrett
The BOY DETECTIVE
CENTERVILLE
by Jack Binder and CARL FORMES
DANNY GARRETT, ONLY BOY DETECTIVE OF THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE, FINDS THAT MURDER IN THE COUNTRY AND THE CITY ARE MUCH THE SAME.
CHEER UP, KID, THE TRIP WILL DO YOU GOOD.
YEAH!
THERE'S LAKES AN' EVERYTHING UP THERE.
EAST RIVER'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
CENTERVILLE
DANNY'S TWO PALS, DETECTIVES MIKE RYAN AND SLUG O'DONNELL, TAKE HIM ON A VACATION, MUCH AGAINST HIS WILL.
LATER IN TOWN
A SHOOTIN'! COME ON!
HEY, LET'S KEEP OUT O' THIS.
YEAH! THIS IS WAY OFF OUR BEAT.
BANG
BANG
BANK
HELP! ROBBERS.
MURDER! HELP!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, YOU....!
UGGH!
GET OUT OF THE WAY, PUNK!
OWWW!
POOR KID, THAT WAS A NASTY CRACK!
GANGWAY THERE! GET A DOCTOR, SOMEBODY.
WHERE IS THE INJURED ONE?
RIGHT HERE, DOCTOR.
THE BOY DANNY RESCUED LOOKS LIKE HIS TWIN BROTHER.
HOW DO YOU FEEL? I'M DANNY GARRETT
NOT SO BAD NOW. I'M JACK McKEEL.
JACK'S TWIN SISTER, JEAN, RUSHES TO HER BROTHER'S AID.
OH, JACK, YOU'RE HURT!
NO, NOT BADLY, SIS.
MEANWHILE
HE'S DEAD!
COUSIN FRANK, DEAD? OHHH! AND HE WAS THE SOLE SUPPORT OF HIS FAMILY!

THE POOR FELLOW! BUT I'LL GET THOSE KILLERS, IF IT TAKES ME A MONTH O' SUNDAYS.
SAY, WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, A RED CAP?
STEP ON IT, DANNY, THE BUS TO CLEAR LAKE INN IS WAITIN' FOR US.
THAT KILLED CASHIER WAS JEAN'S COUSIN. AN' I'M GONNA GET THE GUYS THAT KILLED HIM.
SAVE YOURSELF THE TROUBLE, MR. HOLMES. THE SHERIFF JUST GOT ALL THREE OF 'EM, SO, COME ON.
HAVE YE NOTICED SLUG, THAT MR. GARRETT HAS SUDDENLY TAKEN A LIKING TO THE COUNTRY?
NOT REALLY, MIKE?
AW, GO SOAK YER HEADS, YOU TWO.
AS JEAN WALKS HOME FROM A CHURCH SOCIAL...
HERE SHE COMES!
I HOPE DANNY REMEMBERS TO COME TO SEE ME WHILE HE'S HERE.
...THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER IS WHISKED AWAY BY KIDNAPPERS.
HELP!
NEXT MORNING.
....AND SO I THOUGHT MAYBE MISS JEAN WOULD BE HERE.
NOPE!
...SHE AINT, AN' WHAT'S MORE SHE AINT GONNA BE NEITHER ...SHE...
WHAT!
DANNY LEARNS THAT JEAN HAS DISAPPEARED, AND THAT HER BROTHER HAS BEEN SENT AWAY FOR SAFE KEEPING.

MEANWHILE, JEAN'S KIDNAPPERS CALL ON SHERIFF MC KEEL AND PRESENT THEIR DEMANDS.
...AND SO YOU LET OUR THREE BOYS GO.... OR YOU DON'T SEE YOUR GIRL NO MORE... GET ME?
GET OUT!
AS DANNY WALKS TOWARDS THE SHERIFFS HOUSE, HE SEES THE TWO GANGSTERS LEAVE.
OH, OH! AS THEY SAY IN SWEDEN THOSE TWO BIRDS DON'T LOOK KOSHER.
I JUST WANTED TO SAY HELLO TO JEAN, MR. MC KEEL.
JEAN HAS GONE AWAY.... WON'T BE BACK FOR SOME TIME!
FOUND ANY OF THE OTHER CROOKS CONNECTED WITH LAST NIGHT'S MURDER?
NO, AND I'LL HAVE TO RELEASE THE ONES I GOT, NOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO HOLD 'EM.
JEAN'S FATHER DIDN'T TELL ME THE TRUTH. HE'S HIDING SOMETHING.... I WONDER.
CAR MUST HAVE COME THROUGH HERE WHILE THE MARKING WAS WET.
SURE DID! IT WAS THAT BANDIT CAR WITH THEM BANK ROBBERS. MIGHTY NEAR RUN PETE AN' ME OVER.
WELL, THAT ROAD SMEAR TELLS QUITE A STORY...


YOU'RE SURE THAT CAR HASN'T COME BACK YET?
THE CAR THAT WAS HERE THIS MORNING? NOPE, NO SIGN OF IT YET.
HOW MANY, PLEASE?
IS THE SHERIFF AT HOME?
AIR
DANNY, PRETENDING TO CHECK THE AIR, TAKES A GOOD LOOK AT THE TIRE TREADS.
DON'T NEED NO OIL, KID.
BETTER MAKE SURE, SIR. ONLY TAKES A MINUTE.
HMM... LET'S SEE, THE HYDRAULIC BRAKE OIL RESERVOIR IS ABOUT HERE... THIS OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK.
MR. MC KEEL SAID TO TELL YOU, THAT EVERY-THING WOULD BE TAKEN CARE OF.
NOW HE'S TALKIN' OUR LANGUAGE. LET'S GO LEFTY.
GOSH, THIS TRUNK IS SLIPPERY. HOPE I CAN HOLD ON!
DANNY CLIMBS ON TO THE BACK OF THE CAR
AM I SEEIN' THINGS? ISN'T THAT DANNY!
IT SURE IS. HE'S GOT THE SCENT O' SOME-THING. LET'S GET GOIN', MIKE!

HOPE WE DON'T HAVE TO PASS ANOTHER CAR, I HOPE, I HOPE, I HOPE!
HONK
HONK
HONK
HEY! BUTCH, THE BRAKES DON'T WORK!
DITCH HER! WE CAN WALK THE REST OF THE WAY.
DANNY'S OPERATION ON THE BRAKES WAS A GRAND SUCCESS.
A PERFECT HIDEOUT!
THERE'S A LIGHT IN THAT ROOM, BUT I CAN'T MAKE OUT A THING.
SO, YOU LITTLE RAT, I CAUGHT YOU, EH? COME ON OUT, BOYS, I CAUGHT A SNOOP FISH.
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT. IT'S HER BROTHER.
NOW WE'LL COLLECT DOUBLE FROM THE SHERIFF.
EEEK HELP!
GO ON IN THERE, AND QUIET DAT DAME, IF YA GODDA CHOKE HER!

YOU'RE TOO ROTTEN TO HOLD ME!
OOOFF!
OWWWW!
GOTTA GIVE THESE RATS THE SLIP.
THERE HE GOES.
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
HEY..!
THAT'S NO.1.
SPLASH
YOUR PAL NEEDS COMPANY....SO....
...I'M RIGHT WITH YOU, BOYS.
AS DANNY COMES UP FOR AIR, THE GANGSTERS SPOT HIM, BUT....
WHEW! I NEEDED THAT AIR. WHAT...?
THERE HE IS. GIVE HIM THE WORKS!
DANNY DIVES AND COMES UP THE SIDE OF THE PIER, AND TAKES THE GANGSTERS BY SURPRISE.
OOPS
GO ON IN, BOYS, THE WATER'S FINE.

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S
SHADOW
COMICS
WHEN DANNY, THE LOVABLE, BRILLIANT RESOURCEFUL BOY DETECTIVE WILL THRILL YOU WITH HIS HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCES AS HE WAGES A SUCCESSFUL WAR AGAINST CRIME.
.....

The HOODED WASP
THE MIGHTY HOODED WASP AND HIS YOUNG PROTEGE', JIM MARTIN, BATTLE THE MYSTEROUS MEN OF THE MIST TO UNCOVER A SENSATIONAL PLOT.
NIGHT FALLS OVER THE SMALL TOWN OF ELVINO.
SUDDENLY, FROM THE MIST AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN, HIDEOUS-LOOKING CREATURES EMERGE...
EEEEE! HELP! ....AAAAAAGH!

EEEE HELP!
THE BLOOD-CURDLING WAIL PENETRATES THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT TO THE EARS OF SILENT FIGURES..
...THE HOODED WASP AND HIS YOUNG PROTEGE, JIM MARTIN.
LISTEN!
LOOK!
ANY KIND OF A FIGHT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR US, LETS GO!
A STREET FIGHT!
INSTANTLY, THE TWO ADVENTURERS SPEED TO THE SCENE OF THE TROUBLE.
WWWASPIE.... OVER T-T-THERE!
WHEW!
WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THAT!
RIGHT, LET'S GO!
THE FEARLESS WASP AND JIM DIVE INTO THE MELEE.....
THERE BOOGEY MAN... HOW'S THAT?

SOME FUN, EH, WASPIE?
THAT'S FOR TAKING YOUR MIND OFF YOUR BUSINESS, HA HA
THAT SLAP IN THE FACE SURE WOKE THE SQUIRT UP!
C'MON JIM, WE'LL TAIL AFTER THEM!
UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE ADVENTURERS, THE CREATURES FLEE TOWARD THE MISTS...
THEY'VE GONE INTO THE MISTS!
I'M GOING AFTER THEM!
WASP.. HELP!
STEADY, JIM I'M COMING!
WHEW, THAT SMELLS MORE LIKE A POWERFUL GAS... THAN MISTS!
ALMOST CHOKED ME!
THE DAY FOLLOWING, THE ADVENTURERS DISCUSS THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE.
IT'S ALL A PHONY BIT OF BUSINESS... THE ATTACK ON THE INNOCENT TOWN FOLK, AND THE CHOKEY MIST.
RIGHT, WASP MAYBE WE OUGHT TO.....

COMING ON THE DOUBLE!
WASP... OVER HERE, QUICK!
BELOW, A STREAM OF AUTOS AND TRUCKS MARKS THE EXODUS OF THE FRIGHTENED VILLAGERS...
THEY'RE SCARED OF MORE ATTACKS!
GOSH, WASP, CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING?
FIRST WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM FROM LEAVING. C'MON, KID.. WE'LL HAVE A TALK WITH THEM.
RIGHT!
CAN IT BE...?
BY GOLLY, IT IS.... THE HOODED WASP AND JIM!
MEANWHILE, INSIDE ONE OF THE TRUCKS...
YEARS BACK, ELVINO WAS A PROSPEROUS MINING TOWN, RICH IN SILVER NITRATE.... BUT FOR A LONG TIME IT WAS ABANDONED.
US VILLAGERS LIVED THERE GROWING MEAGER CROPS AND EEKING OUT SMALL BUT PEACEFUL EXISTENCES. NOW THESE ATTACKS... AND WE HAVE TO LEAVE ALL WE OWN.
NOBODY HAS THE RIGHT TO DRIVE YOU PEOPLE OFF, AND WE'RE GOING TO SEE TO IT. TELL YOUR PEOPLE TO GO BACK HOME.
BECAUSE THE HOODED WASP AND JIM ARE GOING TO CLEAR THIS UP!
BY GOLLY! I BELIEVE THEM! IT'S BACK HOME FOR ME!
AND ME TOO! C'MON, LET'S TELL THE OTHERS.

THIS IS THE SPOT.... IT'S NOTHING BUT A MOUNTAIN STREAM.
MIGHTY QUEER.. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT.
THE WASP AND JIM INVESTIGATE THE AREA FROM WHICH THE WEIRD CREATURES EMERGED.
FIND ANYTHING?
NOT YET, JIM... LOOKS LIKE PLAIN WATER NOTHING ELSE!
SUDDENLY, A DEEP GURGLING SOUND FILLS THE AIR....
OUT OF THE WAY, QUICK!
GOOD WORK, SQUIRT... WE GOT OUT OF THAT NICELY!
WHAT THE... IT'S ACID MIXED WITH WATER. THAT'S THE MYSTERY OF THE MIST!
BRRRRR! THAT ACID BATH WAS MEANT FOR US! WHEW!
WE'VE GOT A BIG JOB ON OUR HANDS, BIGGER THAN WE THINK!
OKAY, WASP. YOU CAN COUNT ON ME FOR MY SHARE!
THAT NIGHT, ONCE AGAIN THE SMALL MOUNTAIN STREAM BECOMES A GURGLING MASS...
AND FROM THE HAZY ATMOSPHERE, THE HORRIBLE-LOOKING MIST MEN APPEAR ONCE AGAIN..

LET'S GO, JIM... WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
RIGHT WITH YOU!
BUT THE HOODED WASP AND JIM ARE READY...

YIPEEEE! HERE WE COME!

WATCH THIS, WASPIE!

RING AROUND THE ROSY!

THIS TIME I'LL GET THEM BABIES!
TAKE IT EASY, SQUIRT. THEY KNOW THEIR WAY 'ROUND. YOU'RE LIABLE TO WIND UP IN THAT ACID POOL!
ONCE AGAIN, THE FEARLESS WASP AND JIM PROVE TOO MUCH FOR THE HIDEOUS MIST MEN.

WHAT ARE THESE FOR?
SIMPLE, SONNY BOY... WE'RE GOING TO GET TO THE BANK ON THE OTHER SIDE WITH THESE!

I GET IT... LET'S GO, WASPIE!

NOT BAD, WASP... WE OUGHT TO TRY FOR THE OLYMPICS NEXT!

THEY'VE GIVEN US THE SLIP!
THEN THERE MUST BE A SECRET PASSAGEWAY SOMEWHERE!

BUT UNSEEN TO THEM A SECRET PANEL IN THE MOUNTAIN OPENS.
GOSH, WHAT CAN WE DO NOW?
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE....

HEY!
WHA..PFF!

WOW! GET A LOAD OF THIS..A HIDE-OUT IN THE MOUNTAIN!
THE WASP AND JIM ARE DRAGGED INSIDE THE CAVE.

HE'S TELLING THEM TO BRING US FORWARD... WONDER WHAT FOR?

THROUGH AN ARCHWAY, THE PRISONERS ARE DRAGGED TO A SEETHING PIT.
WH...WHAT'S IN THERE?
THE ACID POOL, AND HE WANTS US THROWN IN! C'MON JIM!
INSTANTLY, THE WASP STRIKES...
WASP..HELP!
THAT'S THAT! THEY'VE GOT THE KID!
STEADY, KID.., HERE I COME!
HITTING WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE, THE WASP'S TIMELY ACT SENDS JIM'S CAPTOR HURTLING INTO THE ACID PIT.....
THANKS, WASP.. IT LOOKED BAD THERE FOR A WHILE.
FORGET IT, SQUIRT..... WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
W..WHAT THE?
QUICK, GET BEHIND THE ROCK. THERE'S ONLY TWO OF 'EM LEFT!
WE'LL NAB THEM AS THEY GO BY! GET READY!

UPS'A DAISY!
SORRY, BOYS... BUT THIS IS NECESSARY!
MIST MEN, BAH! IT'S JUST A DISGUISE. AND THEY DON'T LOOK SO TOUGH NOW!
NEVER MIND THAT... GET THE CLOTHES OFF THEM. WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
LOOK AT YOU, HA, HA! BOY YOU SURE LOOK LIKE YEHUDI. ROLL UP THE SLEEVES... LITTLE MAN!
YOU'RE NOT SO FUNNY!
C'MON, JIM, WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THIS PLACE THE ONCE OVER!
WASP, LOOK!
WONDER WHO THEY ARE?
DON'T BE AFRAID... WE'RE FRIENDS! I'M THE HOODED WASP!
THANK HEAVEN. WE'RE ENGINEERS. WE DISCOVERED RICH SILVER NITRATE DEPOSITS IN THE OLD MINES AT ELVINO, THESE RATS KIDNAPPED US.
THE NITRATE BEING VITAL FOR ARMAMENTS.... THEY DID THIS TO KEEP US FROM NOTIFYING THE GOVERNMENT. NOW THEY'RE TERRORIZING THE CITIZENS TO KEEP THE MINES FROM BEING WORKED.
THE LONG HALL WILL LEAD YOU TO THE EXIT... ME AND JIM ARE GOING TO FINISH THESE RATS OFF FOR GOOD!

HEY, WASP... LOOK!
SO, IT'S A FIFTH COLUMN HEADQUARTERS. AND OUR MIST MEN ARE NAZI AGENTS!
THEY'RE SALUTING THE CHIEF RAT.... AND WE ARE IN ON THE PARTY!
WE HAVE BEEN TOO EASY WITH THE PEOPLE OF ELVINO. IT MUST BE BURNED TO THE GROUND! IF WE CAN KEEP THE TOWN FROM BEING INHABITED, THE RICH NITRATE WILL NEVER BE FOUND!
FROM THE CROWD, THE FOREIGN AGENT SELECTS THE DISGUISED HOODED WASP AND JIM.....
YOU TWO... COME HERE! THE BIG ONE AND THE LITTLE ONE!
C'MON, JIM.. HE MEANS US!
YOU TWO WILL SEE TO IT THAT THE MAYOR DOES NOT ESCAPE ALIVE FROM THE FIRE! IF HE DOES, TAKE CARE OF HIM!
OKAY, JIM, READY?
LET'S GO!
PIPE DOWN... WE'RE MAKING A BLITZKRIEG!
WH..WH-WHO....
LET'S GO, WASP... WE CAN USE THE TABLE!
DISCARDING THEIR DISGUISES, THE TWO SWING INTO ACTION.

BOY THIS'LL KILL THEM!
GANGWAY FOR THE HOODED WASP AND JIM!
THERE, THAT'S MY IDEA OF SOME SNAPPY FIGHTING!
AS THE WASP LOOKS FOR HIS YOUNG FRIEND.
JIM!.. JIM... WHERE ARE YOU?
SUDDENLY FROM A CORNER OF THE ROOM....
WATCHOUT, WASPIE... HERE I COME!
YIPEEE... I'M THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE!
WAIT UP RAT... WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET!

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SPIKE STEVENS Star Reporter

SPIKE STEVENS - STAR REPORTER FOR THE DAILY PRESS, STUMBLES INTO FRONT PAGE NEWS, AND ROUNDS UP A VICIOUS GANG OF SMUGGLERS.

EXTRA — THE DAILY PRESS — EXTRA

GEM SMUGGLING SUSPECTED

REPORTER LEARNS OF GANG ACTIVITY BY SPIKE STEVENS

A SEARCH FOR NEWS BRINGS SPIKE STEVENS TO THE WATER FRONT.

A MUFFLED ENGINE - IT'S PULLING ALONGSIDE THE YACHT. THERE MAY BE A STORY AROUND HERE, SOMEWHERE.

THE NEWS HAWK FOLLOWS THE SCENT.

THEY'RE MOVING AROUND TOO QUIETLY TO BE UP TO ANY GOOD.

HURRY WITH THE STUFF — PATROL BOAT SOON PASS.

CHINESE - GEM SMUGGLERS - WOW, THIS IS GREAT!

I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO THEY'RE WORKING FOR.

SPIKE IS DISCOVERED BY THE SMUGGLERS.

STRANGER - HELP! QUICK, MEN!

THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR ME TO HANDLE.

THE REPORTER FIGHTS GAMELY —

— FINDING HIMSELF OUTNUMBERED, HE LEAPS FROM THE BOAT.

EXTRY! EXTRY! REPORTER LEARNS OF GEM SMUGGLING. READ ALL ABOUT IT!

THE DAILY PRESS — GEM SMUGGLING

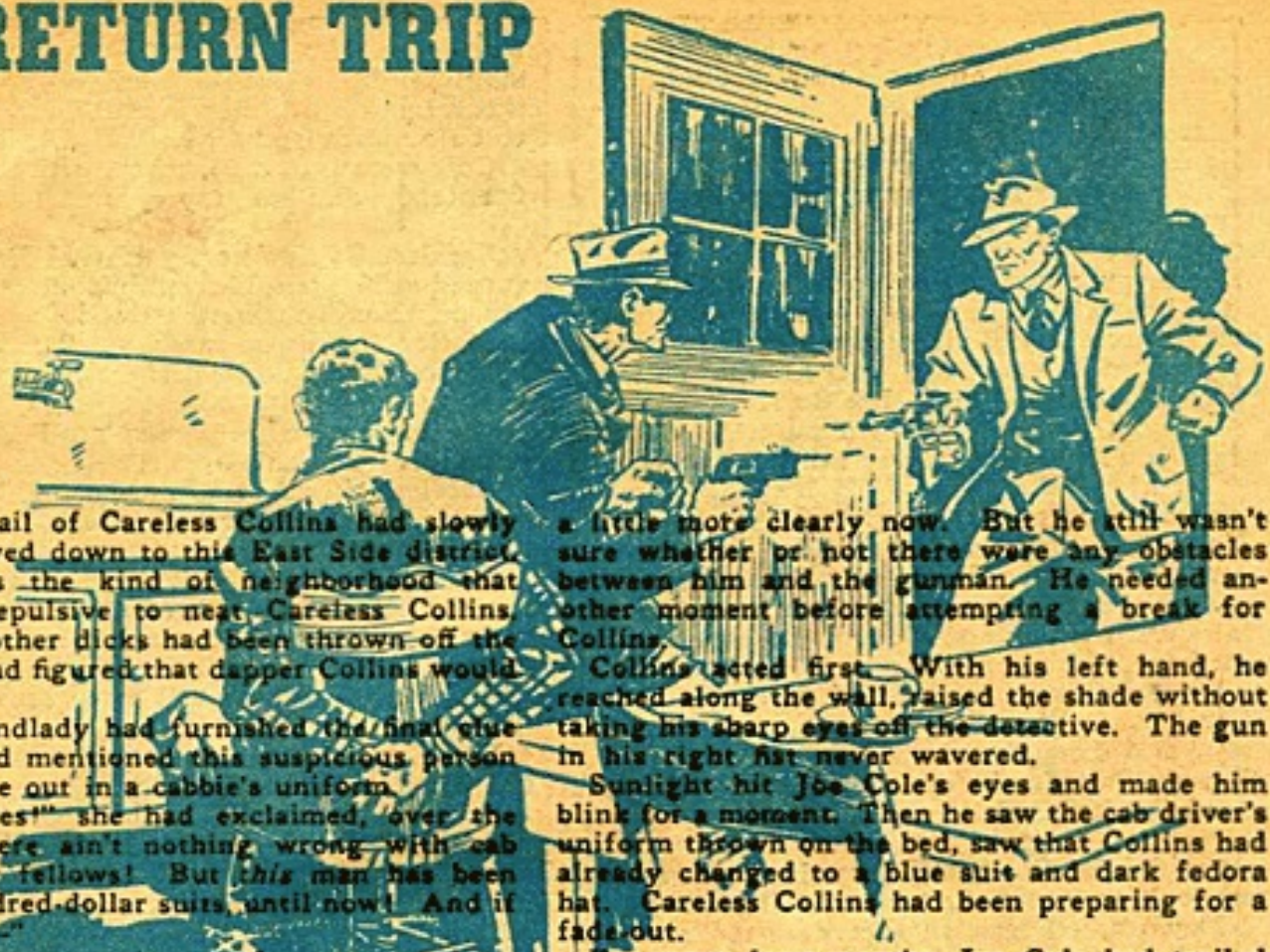
SPIKE'S STORY APPEARS IN THE MORNING PAPER.

LATER.
I KNOW THE STORY SOUNDS FANTASTIC CHIEF - BUT IT'S TRUE.
WITHOUT A BIT OF PROOF, THAT YARN'S MADE THE DAILY PRESS THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE TOWN. DO SOMETHING!
THE CHIEF'S RIGHT - MMM - SUN YET, THE ANTIQUE DEALER, MIGHT GIVE ME A LEAD — I BETTER PHONE HIM.
THE DAILY PRESS
YOU KNOW ABOUT THE STORY I WROTE. SURE, I'LL BE THERE IN JUST A MINUTE
A SHADOWY FIGURE LISTENS IN ON SPIKE.
SUN'S BEEN ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER, I'M SURE HE'LL KNOW SOMETHING.
SUN YET
ORIENTAL ANTIQUES
I DEVOTE MY TIME TO SEEING THAT MY RACE WILL BE IN THE GOOD GRACES OF YOUR PEOPLE, MR. STEVENS.
THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I CAME TO YOU - SURELY YOU MUST KNOW WHO IS BEHIND THE SMUGGLING.
HURLED THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW, A KNIFE PENETRATES THE CHINAMAN'S BACK.
ONLY AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE - LIN —
I'LL GET THAT RAT!
ONE WAY
NOT SO FAST!
THAT'LL HOLD YOU - MORE COMING!
YOU ASKED FOR IT!

LOOKS LIKE YOU - BOYS WIN THIS TIME.
THE MASTER WILL BE GLAD TO SEE THE MEDDLING REPORTER!
QUIETLY - BEST NOT TO MAKE SCENE.
SPIKE IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE SMUGGLER CHIEF.
HONORABLE SIR, THIS IS THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE IN THE DAILY PRESS.
GOOD FORTUNE - I SILENCE THE INFORMER AND CATCH THE PRIZE AS WELL.
LING PI - THAT'S THE NAME SUN TRIED TO TELL ME. WHY YOU . .
SILENCE, DOG - LING WILL DEAL JUSTLY WITH YOU. GRAB HIM, MEN, AND FOLLOW ME!
HURRY, I'VE NO TIME TO WASTE!
LOOK, MY MEDDLESOME FRIEND - A REDEMPTION COMMITTEE AWAITS YOU.
MUST BE SOME OF YOUR RELATIVES, LING.
DOG - YOU DARE SAY THAT TO ME? CAST HIM IN THE PIT!
A QUICK FLIP OF HIS ARMS, AND SPIKE SENDS THE GUARDS HURTLING INTO THE PIT.
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
IT'S DO OR DIE!
DOGS - KILL THE WHITE DEVIL!

TRYING TO SNEAK UP ON ME!
WATCH THIS!
HAPPY LANDING!
PIG—I'LL FINISH YOU MYSELF!
WE'LL SEE WHO FINISHES WHOM!
ON THE BRINK OF THE PIT OF DEATH — THEY FIGHT IT OUT.
THIS'LL TEACH YOU THE POWER OF THE PRESS!
HERE'S YOUR SMUGGLER CHIEF, OFFICER.
YOU MEAN WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM, SPIKE.
HERE'S THE STORY ON THE SMUGGLERS.
GREAT WORK SPIKE — I KNEW YOU'D DO IT.
SPIKE STEVENS BRINGS YOU ANOTHER SCOOP IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

NO RETURN TRIP



THE trail of Careless Collins had slowly narrowed down to this East Side district. It was the kind of neighborhood that should be repulsive to neat Careless Collins. That's why other dicks had been thrown off the trail; none had figured that dapper Collins would live here.

But the landlady had furnished the final clue when she had mentioned this suspicious person who had gone out in a cabbie's uniform.

"Land sakes!" she had exclaimed, over the phone. "There ain't nothing wrong with cab drivers, poor fellows! But *this* man has been wearing hundred-dollar suits, until now! And if you ask me—"

With the report coming in a few moments later about the cab driver who had just killed Lucky Samuels, Joe Cole knew he had his man. He figured he had him because Collins would rush back to his room to change his clothes, and scamper for a new hiding place.

He found the landlady working in the rear yard, learned the location of the suspect's room and went quietly up the stairs. He had told her it would be better if she stayed right down there in the yard. The room was at the rear of the third floor

Outside the door, the dick listened a moment. Somewhere in the rooming house, an alarm clock was ticking noisily. He tried the knob, found the door unlocked and pushed inside.

The curtain at the rear window was drawn and for a moment, Joe Cole could not see a thing. Then, slowly, the outlines of a dresser, bed, two chairs and a portable wardrobe took shape. The form of a tall man standing against the rear wall, near the drawn shade, took shape last.

Evenly, the man said. "This gun is lined right on your head, copper! You don't have to take my word for it!"

There was something very deadly about Collins' smoothly spoken words. Joe Cole stood still. His own gun was in his hip pocket. He had been too certain that he would arrive here before Collins. He said:

"Too bad about Lucky Samuels. I hear he won't testify today."

Cole was tense, getting the layout of the room a little more clearly now. But he still wasn't sure whether or not there were any obstacles between him and the gunman. He needed another moment before attempting a break for Collins.

Collins acted first. With his left hand, he reached along the wall, raised the shade without taking his sharp eyes off the detective. The gun in his right fist never wavered.

Sunlight hit Joe Cole's eyes and made him blink for a moment. Then he saw the cab driver's uniform thrown on the bed, saw that Collins had already changed to a blue suit and dark fedora hat. Careless Collins had been preparing for a fade-out.

For many long months, Joe Cole had trailed this killer. To lose him now meant that the search would start all over again. So he said very calmly, very stiffly, now:

"I'm taking you with me, Careless. Go ahead, shoot! You won't get away! They'll hear the shots. Sure, you'll hit me! But before I go out *I'll get you!*"

Cole started slowly forward, his right hand moving carefully toward his hip.

Oddly, well-dressed Collins did not pull trigger. As though fascinated, he stood there backed against the wall and sort of smiled as Joe Cole came forward, step by step. The gun was steady in his hand, yet he made no attempt to fire it.

Joe Cole figured that the moment he touched his own .38, this killer would let loose with smashing lead. He took another step—

Hell cut loose on his right. Something burned into his shoulder, seemed to streak across his back and kick him almost off his feet. He staggered, tried to regain his balance, and felt the terrific *thunk* of Collins' gun barrel as the man raked the revolver downward on his skull.

The dick went down then, still conscious, but unable to move. Collins grinned and said, "Just a little trap for visitors who might take me unawares, Cole! There's a gun rigged inside that wardrobe. The string that trips the gun hammer stretches from the foot of this bed across to the dresser. You pulled it with your foot. Cute, eh?"

As he had fallen, after Collins had used the

raking gun barrel, Cole had felt the killer jerk his, Cole's, .38 from his hip pocket. Cole lay there on the floor, blood streaming across his face and his shoulders paralyzed. He couldn't move his arms.

He saw Careless Collins scoop up some things from the dresser and yank open bureau drawers, to make certain that no single item had been forgotten.

There was a commotion going on out in front of the house. The landlady was yelling for the cops. Careless Collins stepped swiftly to the bed, slammed shut and locked the suitcase, grinned again at helpless Joe Cole.

"So long, copper!" he said tauntingly. "I'm letting you live so you can tell them what a smart guy I am! And to have a big laugh when they stick you out in Flatbush pounding a beat!"

He raised the window shade farther, and through a haze the detective saw the open window. No wonder Collins had been ready to trap him! With the window open, the clever crook must have overheard every word he had said to the landlady down in the rear yard!

Careless Collins stepped out onto the fire escape and disappeared.

It was Thursday before they let Joe Cole walk out of the hospital.

At midnight, Cole's still lame back was aching from looking under the bed, crawling around on his hands and knees, in that deserted room in search of some single item that might put him on the killer's trail.

He even went through the empty bureau drawers again. So fussy was Careless Collins that he had even lined the drawers with clean brown paper. Cole removed the wrapping paper and searched each corner beneath. There was nothing. Then—

Then he found a thin strip of colored cardboard, not longer than two inches, and half again as wide. There was a punch mark on the strip, and Joe Cole stared at the name: "Clinton Center." There was something familiar about the name of the hick town, and yet—

The ticket had been in a crack at the back of the drawer; had apparently slipped beneath the clean lining paper and been overlooked by the meticulous Careless Collins.

The detective caught the bus to the winter resort early the next morning. Clinton Center was nestled in the mountains, and was only heard of during two or three months each year, when ski meets took place nearby. It was here that the district attorney came up for skiing in the winter.

It was already dusk when Cole followed the old road back from the dusty, deserted highway. A half hour later, he came to the big house on the hill.

Cole was not surprised to see a shiny sedan parked out front. He had followed the tracks of the car up here from the seldom-used highway.

The rambling house was in darkness. Cole started to circle it in the gloom, then saw a single light at the kitchen window. Someone was talking inside, in a taunting tone, and seemed to be deriding someone.

Cole went into the kitchen, with the gun in his fist steady, and his gray eyes cool as ice.

Careless Collins' neatly dressed figure had been turned away from him as Cole entered the room. He was leaning toward a middle-aged, heavy-set man tied in a kitchen chair. There was a gun held limply in Collins' right hand, and he was saying:

"So I leave tonight, smart guy! And before I go, I give you the works!"

Careless heard the movement behind him, whirled, got one short glimpse of the dick and let blast with his gat.

The slug caught Cole high in the shoulder, but not before he had fired a single shot.

Collins staggered, cursed with pain. The detective rolled his moaning figure to the floor, and then untied the bound man. He said swiftly, "Where's Marty Evans, Ben?"

Ben was a special investigator connected with the district attorney's office.

"You're just about an hour too late," he said. "This devil"—he touched Careless Collins' limp form with the toe of his shoe—"surprised me here awhile ago and rubbed out his squealer after he knocked me cold! I came to, tied up in this chair. Careless was waiting until night, and was going to take that sedan and scram.

"Somehow, he found out that the D. A. was holding Marty Evans here until Saturday. We were going to rush him to the trial at the last moment, and—"

The man stopped, gave Joe Cole a quizzical look. "But how did you find out? We kept it hushed up."

The wounded killer on the floor stirred, twisted over on his back. He whined, "Help me! I'm dying!"

Joe Cole's eyes were hard. He said, "You aren't going to die—yet! You're going to live to die, mister!" Then he added: "In the chair!"

Cole said then. "This is once when Careless was just a little too careful. He bought a round-trip ticket to Clinton Center, and carefully laid it away in a dresser drawer."

Briefly, Cole told of the fight in the rooming house. He continued:

"So when he made his escape, in his hurry he only got half of that ticket. He forgot the return stub. And I remembered that Clinton Center was only a mile or so from this winter place of the D. A.'s. The rest was simple. You fellows were hiding your witness here, and that's where Careless came to get him!"

The killer, his face a twisted snarl, stared up at Joe Cole. The detective finished: "So, punk, you won't need that return-trip ticket after all. Where you're going, there *is* no return trip!"

THE END.

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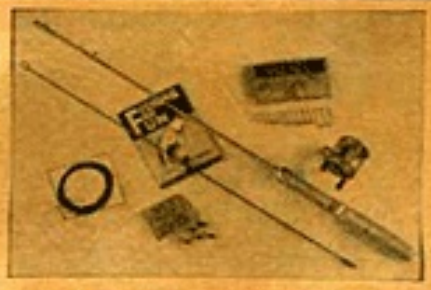

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